II.

I've ſeen thee in an homely face,
Excel by pulchritude of mind;
To ill-form'd features give a grace,
Serene, benevolent and kind.

III.

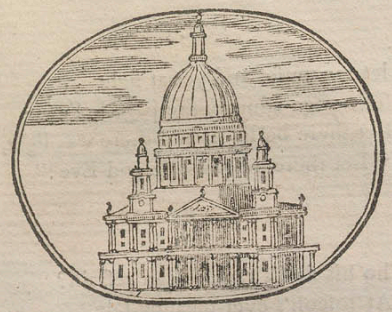
'Tis when the ſpirit is ſo great,
That it the body ſtill controuls,
As godly inclinations meet
In ſweet ſociety of ſouls.

IV.

It is that condeſcending air,
Where perfect willingneſs is plain,
To ſmile aſſent, to join in pray'r,
And urg'd a mile to go it twain.

V.

To grant at once the boon preferr'd,
By contrite foe, or needy friend;
To be obliging is the word,
And God's good bleſſing is the end.



HYMN XV.

TASTE.

I.

O Guide my judgment and my taſte,
Sweet SPIRIT, author of the book
Of wonders, told in language chaſte
And plainneſs, not to be miſtook.

O let